II. An auld kirk stands beside the stream That wimples through the daisied meadow, When cowslips glint and lides gleam

Beneath the spreading bourtree's shadow 'Twas there I wed my bonnie bride, When Summer light was isin to linger; 'Twas there, while nestling at my side, I placed the goud ring on her finger.

A lonely kirkyard i' the glen, Where mony a pearlie tear has fallen, Where slience scals the strifes o' men, Whate'er their rank, whate'er their call-

When Winter's blast piped i' the grove, When lingering blooms had fa'n and per Twas there I laid my early love, Beside a babe we baith had cherished. IV.

But there's a lan' ayant the blue
That kens nought o' our kittle weather,
Where a' the leal and guid and true,
Though parted land, may yet forgather,
There sits she by the gouden gates—
For there I hae a tryst to meet her;
But love that strengthens while it waits
Makes a' the aftertime the sweeter.
—Good Words.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

You think the world is only made for you, and such as you," he said, Laughing aloud in boyish scorn, Of boyish mirth and mischief born. She never turned from where she stood Prinking her little silken snood Of silken curis before the glass; She never turned to see him pass.

A sudden blush lit up her face With newer youth and fresher grace, And eyes that were demurely fixed A moment since, with thought unmixs

Upon the smoothing of a tress, Now sparkled soft with consciousness Why not, why not?" she lightly cried, Out of the gay, exultant pride,

The sweet, wild innocence of youth; Why not for me, for me, forsooth, And such as me, the world be made; For me its gives all For since the world and life begun,

What poet's measures have not ran Through all the strains of minstrels In praise of me, and such as me? For youth and beauty, in its day, Has ruled the world, and will for aye, One greatest of them all has sung In verse that through the world has rung.

And here's my day to live and reign, To take the joy and leave the pain From this old world that's made for me, For me, for me, and such as me?"

Gay laughter rang through every wor And yet beneath the laughter stirred A something more than jesting play— Just sweet sixteen that very day.

She half believed, in sober truth,
In the sweet insolence of youth,
That all for her—a foolish maid—
The world's gay glories were arrayed,
—Norah Perry.

IMPROMPTU FIRE-WORKS.

"Are you my uncle Robert?" said a sweet, childish voice. And stopping the cheerful whistle that always accompanied his work, and looking up from the plane that was loudly lisping as it rapidly skimmed along the board he was planing, Richard Foster saw, standing in the doorway of his workshop—a bright June sunbeam resting on her pretty head—a little fair-haired

swer the child, but gazed at her with wide opened eyes. She had appeared so suddenly and quietly, and, moreover, she was so unlike the round-faced, rosycheeked, white-haired, chubby little ones of his native village-so fair, so fragile, with a strange, yearning look in her large violet-blue eyes, and a tint of purest gold on the long flowing hair that fell about her small delicate face—that she seemed to belong to an entirely different race. ferent race.

" Are you my uncle Robert?" she reeated, coming a step or two into the "No, I'm not, baby; I wish I were, answered the cheery young fellow, re-covering from his surprise; for he

descly loved children, and this child touched some chord in his heart that had never been trouched before. "My name's not 'Baby;' it's Eva," said the child, shaking the hair back

from her face, and regarding him with serious look. "And mamma's name is Eva, too." And then, with a little sigh: "I fought perhaps you was him."

"What made you think so, baby—I mean Eva?" asked the young man, with a pleasant smile, tossing his plane aside, and sitting down on a huge block of wood that stood near.
"You look like him"—speaking with

quaint preciseness. "He went away when I was a very little girl—I'm 'most 5 now—but I 'member him. He had a face like you, a nice laughing face; but''—glancing at the shirt sleeves— " he wore a coat, and he used to give me candies for kisses—two candies for one kiss; and mamma cries because he does not come back and take us away with him."

The dinner bell rang loud and long in the cottage adjoining. The young car-penter mechanically rose to his feet, and then deliberately sat down again. as he said, with a tender look in his honest brown eyes, "I'm sorry mam-

"Yes, she cries "-in a lowered voice, out on the old-fashioned porch, and coming to his side, and putting her mite of a hand confidingly in his—"because papa has gone up there (pointing to the sky). I don't 'member him; 'twas that he was firmly convinced could only be assumed by a dranght from the hyick long, long, long ago; and Uncle Rob-ert don't come back; and she's a beggar! "-this last remark evidently quoted, with a dramatic little gesture.

Again the dinner bell rang violently.

Will you tell me where you live, Eva?" asked Dick, paying no attention to the summons; but before the child could reply, a stout, buxom, black-eyed girl flew into the shop from the rear door, and a slight, graceful, fair-haired woman came in at the other.

"Dick, why on earth don't you come to dinner?" almost yelled the girl; and, "Eva, my darling, what are you doing here?" cried the pretty wo-

man.

"I fought he was my Uncle Robert," said the child, smiling at the young workman as she dropped his hand and went toward her mother.

"He?" exclaimed the pretty woman, scarcely glancing at him. "Why, he" —with a light laugh and a slight inflection of score, or something very like it. tion of scorn, or something very like it, in her voice-"he's a carpenter." And catching the child in her arms, she disappeared as suddenly as she had ar-

said Dick's brown-faced, red-cheeked sist r, with not an inflection, but a whole volume of seorn in her voice. "A car-penter, indeed! And what is she?"

What is she?" repeated Dick. ain't," giving him a by no means gentle

"Stop a moment, Lib" - jerking away from her-"that's a good girl, and tell me all about it." "All about it? Pshaw! you men are Dick, utterly ignoring the question.

"Mother 'll be hopping mad, and the victuals 'll be stone cold, but I s'pose I'd better hurry and tell you what I know at once, or you'll be pestering the life out of me till I do. She's a widow—

To her did Dick explain the cause of

and she came here two days ago to live his timely help, was taking his leave, in the brick cottage round the corner, when Mrs. Deming, lamp in hand, again is always talking of 'better days,' and boasting that there never has been a "Oh, aunt, what an escape!" she be-

band was a doctor, and went off to some place or other when they'd been mar-Dick, with as much dignity as though he old lady Paulding, and just as proud; she held out to him her dainty hand. and, oh, Dick, the funniest thing—she's Dick flushed as rosy red as she, flowers! Come along."

"Lib, I think wax flowers are beautihis life before, and in fact knew nothing about them—" and I wish you'd set the other folks a good example, and buy a lot of them from—Mrs. Deming, for our lot of them from—Mrs. Deming, for our parlor mantel;" and he thrust a bill in- ed away in search of old linen and to her hand.

"Dick Foster, are you crazy? Wax falling into pieces-and I haven't-"A stitch to your back," says Dick, smiling. "You never have. But buy the flowers, Lib dear, and mother shall have a new stove and a new dress be fore the week's out. I'll work nights.'

"But, Dick-" But Dick had rushed away at a fourth and most furious ringing of the bell, and she was fain to follow without another word.

Day after day Dick Foster set his shop door wide open, and replenished the pretty bonbon box that was hidden away behind some tools on a shelf in the corner, in hopes that he might some day again raise his head from his work and see the fair-haired child standing before him. But day after day went by, and June merged into July, and she

came no more. The wax flowers had been bought a few days after Dick had so suddenly discovered how much he admired them, and wonderful imitations of nature they proved to be, but, alas, wanting nature's wonderful fragrance; and they stood between the china dog and cat, that Dick remembered from his earliest boyhood, on the high old-fashioned wooden mantel in the low-ceilinged sunny parlor.

Lib had come back from purchasing them with a quick step and a snap in her black eyes, and had immediately as Dick knew she would the moment he caught sight of her-rushed into the shop to - as she was wont to express it-"free her mind."

"There, I hope you're satisfied," she began, with a toss of her head, putting he vase of lilies and roses into his hand; "but I think you'd better saved your money. Not but what they're pretty enough, and I don't see how she makes 'em: I couldn't. But of all the stuckup things I ever saw, she's the worst.
'Your little girl thinks your brother looks like my brether,' says I, trying to make myself agreeable; 'does he?' 'I'm sure I don't know; I didn't look at him. My brother is a very handsome man, and an artist. We were a family of artists, although my share of talent took a very lowly form,' says she, handing me the vase-she called it 'varse.' Good-afternoon."

To all of which Dick replied not a word, but turned away and sawed like mad, which so offended Miss Elizabeth Foster that she never referred to the pretty widow again until the afternoon of the 3d of July, when, with a gleam of mischief in her face, she burst out at the supper-table: "Oh, Dick, I've a message for you. I met 'Miss Eva,' as the little servant-girl calls her. They say that girl serves Mrs. Deming for love; wish I could get people to serve me for that. 'Please tell the-the shavings man,' said Miss Eva, 'that I wanted to come again, but mamma won't let me.' And, oh, Dick, if they haven't put fire-works for sale in the other par-

or window! Wax flowers and fireworks! Ain't it funny ?" But judging from Dick's clouded brow and closely set lips, Dick thought it any thing but funny; and Lib, wisely dropping the subject, devoted herself to nother's soft gingerbread with undi-

vided attention. And the cloud still lingered on the oung carpenter's brow as he, pail in hand, just after supper, bent his steps toward the old well that stood a few feet beyond the brick cottage. He had for the water of this well; it seemed as though nothing else could quench his thirst, albeit until a few weeks ago he had been perfectly satisfied with the cold-as-ice, clear-as-crystal water drawn from the well in his mother's garden. As he drew near the isolated cottage he saw the fire-works in the windo

and his heart came up in his throat. "So poor, so proud, so lovely," he thought. "I'll buy them to-morrow." And at this moment the pretty woman stepped out on the old-fashioned porch, and

be assuaged by a draught from the brick cottage well, and again, pail in hand, he set out, this time to reach the place of destination and begin slowly to re-turn. It was 10 o'clock. In the cottage all was silence and darkness. Dick paused as he reached it, and leaned against the maple in front of the door and gazed at the shutterless windows where the wax flowers and fire-works entreated, "Come buy me." And as he gazed, smash went a pane of glass, and a blue light shot past and fell with a prolonged hiss upon the ground. Then in quick succession came another and another. Then fizz! bang! pop! pop! fizz! bang! and the pyrotechnic arti-

were in flames. fire-works, torn down the blazing cur

the pail of water upon the crackling tains, and stamped out the fire. the moonlight, came flying out of the room just beyond, and flinging her arms about him, cried: "Oh! dear brother Robert, you have come back."

an strist, a physician, a lawyer, any thing professional—I'd ask you to try and learn to love me, and stay here for ever."

"Try to learn to love me." in another moment some one in a long an artist, a physician, a lawyer, any to a policeman, and as he turned to go brother Robert, you have come back at last. But—but "—looking about her in goose, don't you know I've loved you a bewildered manner-"what has hap- ever since the night of the impromtu

pened?" "I'm not brother Robert," said Dick; "Oh, come along to dinner, Dick, as it behooved him to do, when he made the declaration. "I'm the-the shavings man, and your window has been on fire. Fortunately I was passing -" But he got no further, for the whiterobed figure uttered a little shriek, and fled with precipitancy as old Mrs. Paul-

"Well, all about her, then," said head, and her night-cap dangling by its

Mrs. Leonard Deming, M. D.; that the wet carpet and the smoke-begrimed is, Mr. Leonard Deming was 'M. D.;' walls, and amid her profuse thanks for with her aunt, old Mrs. Paulding, who made her appearance-this time in suit

mechanic in her family. And yet she's gan, setting the lamp on the table; "and as poor as a church mouse, and no one knows how she manages to live."

"Go on, Lib"—as she stops to take breath.

"Go on the mouse, and no one to think I never awoke until the very last, I was so tired; and Eva has slept through it all. We might have been burned in our beds." And then, "There goes the bell again!"-turn- turning to Dick, she said, her sweet ing toward the door.

"You shall not stir a step until you finish your story," says Dick, detaining your pardon for the absurd mistake I was so havildered, and voice trembling in spite of her great efer with firm but gentle force. made; but I was so bewildered, and "Oh, Richard Foster, what a tease only half awake, and I'd been dreaming you are! and only yesterday you was calling me a gossip, and saying how women's tongues did run on, and—oh!" did in the face—"resemble very much." And breaking off suddenly, (with a shrill scream), "what a pinch, her voice trembling still more, "How you tormenting thing! Well, her huscan we ever thank you Mr. —"

ried a year or so, and caught the yellow fever, and died, and left her nothing but his 'M. D.' And she's as poor as and her fair cheeks flushing red, and filled one of her sunt's front windows made no movement toward her. His with wax flowers for sale, just as though | right hand hanging listlessly at his side, any one in this place would buy wax his hat held in his left, he stood in silence as though uncertain what to do "Do you refuse to shake hands with ful "-he had never thought of them in me?" she asked, a look of pained sur-

sweet-oil. And it was-his working hand-terflowers, and mother wanting a new ribly burned; but when Dick went home cook-stove this minute!—the old one's that night he scarcely felt the pain for the memory of two violet eyes shining through tears, and a sweet voice saying, "Oh, I'm so very, very sorry-so very, very sorry!'

> The next morning Mrs. Foster had just cleared away the breakfast things, and gone into the sitting-room, where Dick sat, installed in the only easy-chair the house possessed, his right hand enveloped in bandages, a book in his left, and the vase of wax flowers on the table before him, when there came a gentle knock at the street door. The good mother, opening it, beheld a pretty blue eyed woman, holding a pretty blue-eyed little girl, standing upon the threshold.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Deming," said the old lady, bridling, and fluttering her cap ribbons. "Good-morning, ma'am." "Your son," said the young widow, with a hesitation strangely foreign to her—"is he better? Has he suffered

much through the night?"
"His sufferings can be of no consequence to you, ma'am," returned the old lady, sharply, in spite of a warning Mother!" from the room she had just left. "He's only a mechanic, ma'am." "He's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Deming, seizing the wrinkled, toil-roughened hand that was raised as though to wave her away; "and, oh! please don't be cross to me. I haven't slept all night, thinking of him."

Mrs. Foster's face began to relax, and the stern look completely faded away when little Eva, looking up with pure, beautiful, beseeching eyes, entreated, "Don't be cross to poor mamma."

"Well, I suppose the fire warn't your fault," she said; "though how them fireworks exploded passes my compre-

hension. There must have been some powerful carelessness somewhere; and it's my opinion that folks that doesn't understand things should let 'em alone; and his hand's very bad, indeed; and he won't be able to work for a month, just as he had the most industrious fit I ever know'd him to have-though a lazy boy he never was-and was earning lots of money. And his hand 'll have to be dressed night and morning, and take abou an hour each time-'

"Oh, then I can be of use!" cried the pretty widow, a bright smile breaking over her face. "I am a capital nurse. Let me come every day and dress the wounded hand. Your time, I know, is precious; and it is the least can do, for it was in my service-I mean my aunt's-that it was wound-

"Well, that's clever, and I'm obleeged to you; but me and Lib-"
"Mother!" from the parlor.

"Well, Richard?" "I shall be only too glad to accept Mrs. Deming's kind offer;" and Mrs. Deming went in.

Three weeks had gone by, and the hand was nearly well. "I never saw any thing heal so quickly," soliloquized Dick, one pleasant, fragrant morning, in a tone that implied that he wished it wouldn't. "She can't come here but a day or two longer, God bless her!—I don't really need her now, though I pretend I do—and then I'll be nothing to her but Dick the carpenter again."
"Dick," chirped a bird like voice, "mamma's got a letter from Uncle Robert. I run in to tell you," and little

Eva danced into the room. "Good heavens!" thought Dick, developed an extraordinary fondness turning pale, "he's coming to take her away;" and a moment after Mrs. Deming came in with the letter in her hand. "Are you worse this morning?" she asked, anxiously, looking at the young

fellow's pale face. "Yes, much worse," he answered, dryly. "Eva tells me you have a letter from your brother." "I have-at last. And he's in Paris, and does not expect to return to this country for many years. He has mar-ried a beautiful French girl, and, I fear,

has almost forgotten me." " Your brother married and forgotten you?" burst in Lib, poking her head in at the door, "Well, that's nothing strange. Brothers will marry and forget sisters till the end of time;" and calling to Eva to come and see the newly hatched chickens, away she went

"And personally I resemble him, that is, I suppose, as much as a mechanic could resemble an artist," said Dick, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm; "but there the resemblance must end. I never

could have forgotten you."

And then they are both silent for a few moments, Dick breaking the silence at gone about half a block when the lad

"No one I could care for," she re-In a moment the strong young fel-ow had burst open the door, thrown sympathy. I have learned to love this on No. 'levens without springing my pretty, quiet place—"
"You have?" shouted Dick. "Oh,

fire-works?" "My blessed darling!" cried Dick, catching her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips. "Goodness gracious sakes alive!"

said Lib, appearing at the door again. "My brother's going to be married, too."—Harper's Weekly.

MISSOURI NEWS. A sad accident occurred at St. Louis on the 30th ult. An alarm of fire was sounded from box No. 263, at the corner of Carondain the morning. Fire engine No. 11, located on the corner of Barton and Easton Streets. pany turned out of its house and went south the driver, and Adam Ott, a pipeman, on man, on the tender-box in rear of the maof the left side on the engine were thrown off and one of them was killed the others being slightly was the pipeman, Kaltenhaler. When the left hind wheel struck the curbstone he was

thrown by the force of the collision over the wheel and fell backwards on the sidewalk, ying in such a position that when the engine rolled over, the top or crown part of the bofler fell across him. The safety-valve point of the boiler struck him on the upper part of the breast. The weight, about two tons, resting short ribs of the man, and compressed the lungs and heart. In less than a minute, 50 Kaltenthaler, and Benjamin Fath, the foreman of the company, assisted in having the wounded man removed to the engine-house. Drs. Hartman and Ringe and the man's a short time several thousand citizens visited the engine-house to inquire as to his condition. In about 50 minutes after the accident Kaltenthaler died, surrounded by is wife, four children and associate fire-

Following is a summary of business trans acted by the Supreme Court of Missonri at the October term, 1878, and the April term,

OCTOBER TERM, 1879. Number of cases judgments affirmed..... reversed..... Number of cases judgments reversed and Number of cases judgments affirmed on motion.
Number of appeals dismissed......
writs of error dismissed...... Original proceedings.....

APRIL TERM, 1879.

appeals dismissed writs dismissed.... Original proceedings .. Total Bertha Hartman, a young lady 20 years of age, living with her parents at No. 1545 Coumbus Street, St. Louis, attempted suicide Sunday evening, the 29th, by throwing herself into the cistern at her home. Some of the neighbors seeing her jump in ran to the rescue and succeeded in getting her safely to terra firms. The cistern contained a grea

slight. She would not tell why she wanted to kill herself. A few days ago, a two-story brick dwelling belonging to Joseph Waits, in Irish Grove, Atchison County, was consumed, together with its contents. Loss, \$3,000; insured for \$2,000.

deal of water, and her injuries were only

At Glasgow at half-past 6 o'clock on the morning of the 2d, a willful and unpremeditated murder was committed on the platform of the Chicago and Alton depot. The circumstances as elicited by the Coroner's ry were as follows: Among the lounger to go to work. Their names were John Conners and Wm. Pierce. Connors walked up to Pierce, drew his pistol and deliberately shot him, the ball entering a little below to the right of the navel. Pierce ran up an adjacent alley a short distance, where he fell and expired. After the shooting Connors walked coolly up into town and surrendered himself to Marshal Garnett. Drs. Hawkins and Collins made a post-mortem examination of Pierce, and found that the ball entered at the base of the spinal column. The testimony given at the inquest threw no light upon the cause of the murder. Conners admitted himself that he had none. He simply wanted to kill somebedy. They were both strangers, and had never, Conners says, met previously. Great excitement existed among the railroad hands in regard to the killing, and vague rumors were rife that Judge Lynch would preside at his trial. The verdict of the Coroner's Jury was that the deceased came to his death from a pistol in the hands of John Conners. The prisoner took the matter very coolly, and when asked if he regretted his act he replied that he did not; that he would do it again, and only regretted

that he did not kill some one else. He wil be taken to Fayette to await the action of the Grand Jury. A collision occurred on the 4th, on the St Louis Narrow-gauge Railroad, near Nor-mandy, 10 miles west of the city, by which a number of passengers were injured, none probably fatally. The west-bound train was laden with passengers, out on a holiday excurson; the east-bound train was on its return trip, and fortunately had but few passengers. The Conductor of the latter train had orders to remain at Florissant until the other train passed, but neglected to do so, and it was to his disobedience of or-

ders that the accident is attributed. At Marvville, on the night of the 4th, T. K. Beal, ex-Sheriff of Nodaway County, shot mself and died instantly. He was one of the wealthiest citizens. Cause of suicide not stated.

That Dollar.

A stranger who was yesterday hav-ing his boots blacked by one of the Post-office brigade, asked the lad what he would do if some one should hand him "I'd give half of it to the heathen and

spend the rest on the Fourth," was the "That's right -you are a good boy," continued the man. "I like to give money to such a lad as you." When his boots were finished he handed the boy a nickel and walked off, nev-

"Did you intend to give me a dollar?" "Oh, no, no, no. I simply wanted to see what you would do with it." cles were shooting about in every direction, and the white muslin curtains peated, slowly. "I am not so sure of over," said the black, "and I'll tell ye that; but I am sure of one thing, Rich- what I'd do. I'd take it and hire some

> jints out of line." The stranger looked from his feet to he muttered: "Well, I've found out what he'd do with it, but I don't know as I feel any

the better for it!"-Detroit Free Press. recently on their way to Elisabethpol, were beset with clouds of grasshoppers, that frightened them more than the planting Bermuda grass roots. This Turks ever did. At night they could not added somewhat to the original vegetasleep; their guns, their uniforms, and tion, and furnished the pasture needed, they themselves were covered with as the area of fertilized land encroached masses of these insects, that crept into their mouths, noses, and ears. The officers fled into the houses, but the plague | and the flock of sheep has been changed of grasshoppers had previous possession. "STAND up and tell the truth like a A region of 15 miles was thickly cover- each year amounts to more than the

FARM TOPICS.

MILK FOR POULTRY .- Don't forget that milk is one of the very best things for all kinds of poultry, whether young et Avenue and Anna Street at eight o'clock or old, and that the refuse milk can in no other way be more profitably turned into account. It is usually given on the was the nearest company to the signal-box, farm to the pigs, which are no doubt and about 6 blocks away from it. The comrealized from it by feeding to chicks on Easton Street towards Anna Street. The | and fowls. At all stages of their growth engine was drawn by two horses, and riding they are fond of it, and it makes but litm the machine were William Horstmeyer, the difference to them whether it be fresh or sour. For very young chicks, the front seat, and Samuel Buchanan, the fresh milk should always be given, but engineer, and Jacob Kaltenthaler, a pipe- the milk can first be set away to cream, and the cream removed for butter, bechine. In cressing Victor Street one of the horses slipped and fell at the southeast cor- less expensive. For the little chicks bener of the streets, throwing the other horse fore they have dropped their downy towards the gutter. The sudden falling of coats and come out in full feathered atthe horses swung the engine down an in- tire, nothing better in the way of food eline in the readway and the can be given than bread crust or bread of crumbs soaked in milk. This makes a the machine struck the curbstone with such wholesome diet for them, and one force as to capsize the steamer over on its which is sufficiently nourishing to in-side. The members of the company riding duce a healthy and vigorous develop- so that it is delivered to the auditor ment .- American Poultry Journal. TOO MUCH PIG IMPROVEMENT .-

bruised. The man that was fatally injured | Rapid growth, early maturity, ability to | any distance that can be covered by othconvert a large quantity of food into a good, salable product, ability to fatten readily and to continue the process— da, which is polarized, and in this lies these, says the Live-Stock Journal, are its magical power. The machine is voall desirable qualities in swine, and they all have been secured in each of several breeds to a remarkable degree. we gone too far in our efforts to secure up through the pedestal on which i these points? This is a question worth turns and running out on a steel needle the asking, and it may be that an affirm- which rubs upon the cylinder to a small on his chest crushed in the sternum and ative answer will have to be given. It is well known that we can not secure perfection, nor even very high excel- ants, goes to England to-day on the or more men who were in that vicinity at lence, in several directions at the same the time, hurriedly lifted the machinery of time, and that almost certainly some weak points will accompany the usual development of good qualities; hence tablish telephone exchanges there and it is reasonable to suppose that, with Drs. Hartman and Rings and the man's such marked development in such defamily were called to attend to him, and in sired qualities as our best breeds of swine exhibit, there will be at least obtimes the breeding stock have not been kept in the best conditions for robust health in any respect, we shall think it strange if the result has not been deterioration of constitutional vigor, not the implanting of wellmarked tendencies to serious diseases. Is it not the fact that very many of the most highly improved swine are not so healthful or so able to resist disease or unfavorable circumstances as is desirable? But, aside from all this, have we not carried the tenden-

cy to lay on fat too far? It is admitted that many a show cow, or sheep, or hog is too fat to be most profitable, either for the butcher or consumer. There is a limit to the profitable production of fat. Is it not true that the disposition to lay on fat is in excess of what is really desirable in the case of several somewhat highly prized breeds? The proportion of lean meat has been reduced to a minimum, except in the hams and shoulders, and greatly decreased in these. For "home use" any of us prefer such pigs? If any have doubts on this point, let them examine the carcass of a well fattened hog, or look at sides of bacon, or even at a ham or shoulder. If opportunity offer, let a comparison be made of the carcasses of model, well bred pigs, always kept in high condition, and those of common or grade pigs, which have had more length of body, perhaps a little more length of leg, and which have fed during part of their lives on good grass or clover as almost their sole food, and which have never been without a fair amount of daily exercise. It is quite possible the decision may be that while the one set of 3c stamp. H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. would give the greatest profit when on the market, the other would be much the more desirable for family eating.

SHEEP WILL BENEFIT THE SOIL.

There are thousands of acres in the Southern States which now yield little or nothing of value to the owners, but which, under a proper renovating sys-tem of sheep husbandry, could be made to yield paying crops. A friend has sent me an account of his experiments in this direction, and they are so conclusive and interesting that I give them for the benefit of your readers who are His land had been similarly situated. cropped for years without the least return being made in the shape of manure or fertilizers of any kind. There were a few stunted bushes, briers, and a little wiry grass on it, and the land was so poor that thistles and other ordinary weeds would not grow. The land was bought for a mere trifle, and also a flock of 100 ragged looking native sheep were picked up at \$1.50 per head. These sheep were turned upon the farm under consideration, and two shepherd dogs were also put out in the pasture with the sheep. Portable fence sufficient to inclose about an acre of land was made, and the experiment began. Every night the sheep were folded upon the acre fenced in, and the dogs were fastened outside, suitable kennels havng been provided for the dogs a case of stormy weather. Folding the sheep was necessary in any case, as there are so many dogs in the South hat sheep husbandry is impossible uness the sheep are protected at night always, and in many places in the day-time also. Rough portable sheds were made for the sheep, and troughs for grain and salt. Water was hauled every evening, and tubs filled, so that the sheep could drink as they pleased. In few days the dogs learned to watch the sheep by day, and drive them up at night, without human supervision. Several mutton-loving negroes who tried to get a sheep without first buying it, were severely bitten, but dared not complain or make any attempt at re-taliation. It will thus be seen that there were great difficulties to be overcome, besides the want of fertility in soil at the beginning of the experiment. "In a month's time," my friend writes, "the sheep-fold had a thick coating of droppings, and, removing fence and fixtures to fresh spot, we plowed it under and sowed on the freshly-turned sod a liberal quantity of cow peas. These we turned under at the proper time, and then planted the area with such seeds and roots as were seasonable for family use. Thus we started our garden. As each successive acre became enriched by the droppings of the sheep, the same routine was observed, until we had ten acres of land as fertile as the most exacting

farmer could require. From these ten acres we had an abundance of fodder. roots, vines, and other things to feed our sheep, a couple of cows and a horse of all work, half a dozen fat Berkshires, and an uncounted number of fowls. We continued the folding process, but in-And if I were not a poor carpenter—if I were the boy and back, then across the street droppings, as completely as possible, to our compost heap, and then sowed clover and other grass seeds upon the area, after the fold had been removed to a fresh spot. This gave us a magnificent pasture, after a time, but not before it was needed by our now increasing A COMPANY of Russian soldiers, while flock." When first starting out he harrowed the thinnest portions of the pasture, sowing on white clover seed and also, so that the wool and mutton sold all alike. All about her, you mean. ding entered the room from the other little bell-punch," is the latest phrase- ology of stang.

door, her best bonnet perched on her ology of stang.

Edison's New Talking Machine. Some 20 or 30 friends of Mr. Thomas A. Edison and members of the press visited Menlo Park, New Jersey, ye day afternoon, and witnessed an exhibi-tion of the new electro-chemical telephone which he is about putting on the European market. It is claimed that the telephones at present in use do not speak loudly enough or articulate distinctly enough for commercial adoption in Europe, owing to the electrical peculiarties of the old world, and that Edison's new telephone answers the need The chief characteristic of it is that it

dispenses entirely with the magnet, which is covered by the Bell and Gray patents, and substitutes for it the carbon button in the transmitter, and a revolving cylinder of moistened chalk in the receiver, both the invention of Edison. This telephone was exhibited yesterday. It speaks loud and strong, so that the message is heard over a large room. By a device added during the last week, louder than it was received by the instrument. It is also practicable through cal only when the cylinder of chalk is turned on its little shaft by the person conversing, the electric current coming mouthpiece two inches distant.

Prof. Johnson, one of Edison's assist-Wisconsin, carrying fifty of the new tele-phones—all that have yet been finished. on the Continent .- New York Sun.

-The London bankers are now using an electrical machine for the detection vious tendencies to some undesirable traits. If we add to this general proposition the facts that the present development has been always and one by one they fall upon a opment has been secured in many cases by close in breeding and by reducing to a minimum opportunities, at least incentives, for exercise, and that oftentesting bar so delicately adjusted that a ones pass into another receptacle. invention saves a good deal of time and is correct to the minutest point, and the royalty of \$200 a year which the inventor gets on every machine is not considered exorbitant.

As the little leaven hid in the measure of meal, made all leaven, so truth gradually overcomes all doubt and disbelief. When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his Favorite Prescription would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies who had seelessly undergone untold tortures at the hands of different physicians, employed the Favorite Prescription and were speedily cured. Many physicians now prescribe it in their practice. So sanguine is Dr. Pierce of its power to cure, that he now sells it through druggists under a positive guarantee. druggists under a positive guarantee.

Clifford's Febrifuge — Palatable, Powerful, Antiperiodic and Tonic.— Nature's remedy for Fever and Ague. Never Nature's remedy for Fever and Ague. Never known to fail in a single case. This popular remedy differs from all other Ague Oures, in being free from all poisonous effects on the system; it enters into the circulation and destroys all malarious poison, and thus eradicates the disease without producing any of those distressing after-sensations such as of those distressing after-sensations such as fulness and pain in the head, ringing in the ears and partial deafness. Try it once and you will never be without it.

J. C. Richardson, Prop'r,
For sale by all Druggists. St. Louis.

Free-31 Portraits-Free. National Life is the title of a new Pamphlet of 72 pages. It contains the biography of all the Presidents of the United States, from Wash ington to Hayes with their portraits (19 in all. engraved expressly for this work; also If traits of Canadian notabilities. Nationa

WE congratulate Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., of New Orleans, La., upon their happy idea of giving to the public information of the contents of Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Ferer and Ague Tonic, which of late has gained such well-deserved popularity among the people. As far as we know, this is the only proprietary remedy for the cure of Chilla and Fever, the composition of which is not kept a secret. For sale by all Druggists.

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now prepared to lead his said in the introduction of the
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The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that
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lowa, an account of whose sufferings were thrillingly
marrated in the New York Hervita of Dec. 15th, 1878,
the facts of which are so, which known, and so nearly
paralled, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be steen here. Filer are, however, published in a neat volume of 3600 pages, entitled. "Seven
and Nine Years Anong the Comanches and Apaches,"
of which mention will be made hereafore. Suffice it to perfectes with the given of 300 pages, cutti and Nine Years Among the Comanches an of which mention will be made hereafter, say that for several years Mr. Eastman, whi was compelled to gather the roots, guins, and herries of which Wakametkla's in made, and is still prepared to provide the terials for the successful introduction of t



Wakametkla, the Medicine Man.

t carries off the old blood and makes it opens the pores of the skin, and in-uces Healthy Perspiration.



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Teething. I celling.

ATHENS, Clark County, Mc, Jan. 23, 1878.

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Best Family Medicine

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Westervitle, St. Charles County, Mo.

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nearly all my life, and continually taking medicine, but
without the slightest relief. I took some of your Indian Blood Syrup, and in askert time I was effectually cured. Before taking the medicine Lyras net
able to work, but now am able to do maything, and fool
able to work, but now am able to do maything, and fool
able to work, but now am able to do maything.

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Bear Sir-I was suffering about 14 years with Liv
Complaint, and was unable to get anything to relic
me until I commonced using your Indian Bloo
Syrup, which has effectually cured me. I you
recommend it highly.

Grate fine, sprinkle with white sugar, more loaves of bread than any other. It is the cheapest and best in the world. To G

HOPKINS, Nedaway County, Mo., April 12, 1870, rr Sir—I take great pleasure in stating that I had your excellent Endian Elood Syrup in a y, and can recommend it to be a good family me B.F. COFFMAN.

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All that it is Recommended to be. Manquand, Madison (Nunty, Mo., April 26, 1870. Deas Sr-I have used your excellent Indian thood Syrup for Fever and Ague, Dyspessa and crous, and found it to be all it is recommended to be.

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Dear Sir—I have used your excellent Indian Blood
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